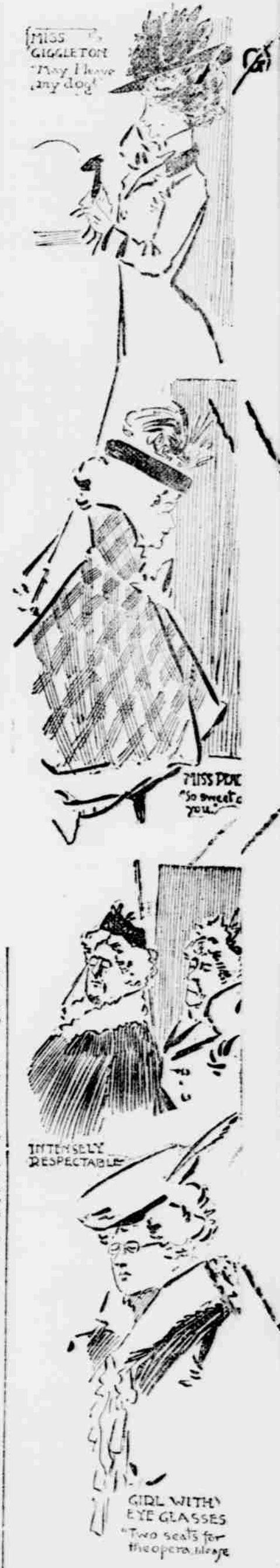
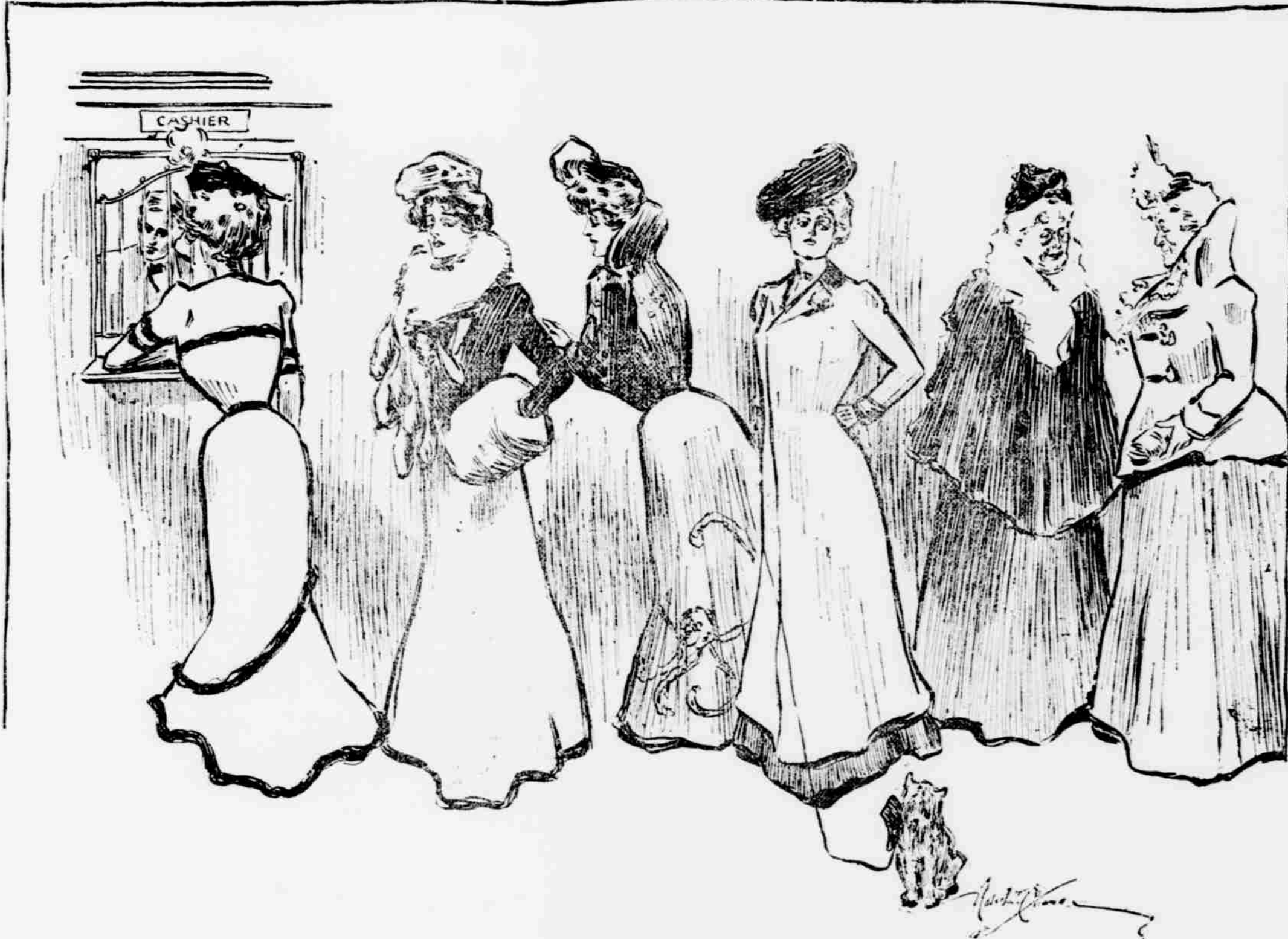


THE LADY AT THE BANK—A LITTLE FARCE COMEDY IN ONE ACT



ILLUSTRATED BY MALCOLM STRAUSS AND RYAN WALKER.

MR. CRANE'S LATEST PLAY IN OUTLINE.



A SCENE FROM ACT III—"A RICH MAN'S SON," IN WHICH W. H. CRANE IS APPEARING.

When Mr. William H. Crane found that "Peter Stuyvesant," a play in which he had hoped to star throughout the season, was not the success it promised to be, he shifted it for "A Rich Man's Son." This is again a German adaptation, as was his last season's starring piece, "The Head of the House."

"A Rich Man's Son" is founded on H. Kerkow's "Das Grobe Heim." Michael Morton, a brother of Martha Morton, the well-known playwright, made the adaptation. In this play Mr. Crane assumes the part of Peter Dobbins, a retired lumber mer-

chant. His son quarrels violently with him for the simple reason that the old man has a barrel of money. The son is an idealist who dreams of putting up tenement-houses and making a fortune for himself. In order to get his son, Mr. Dobbins gives out the "fake" news through the family lawyer that he has lost his fortune. His family rush to him and console him, and Mr. Dobbins, though that is a bit preposterous, for one would imagine that a girl brought up in a home on Madison avenue would have enough money left to do her a year after her father's ruin. Several young

women in the play discard their lovers and a stern-faced elderly woman whose husband is one of these notoriety-seekers that awakes in the last act to a realization that he ought to love his wife, and in the end everybody finds that they have gained grates of wisdom out of Mr. Peter Dobbins' eccentricity to make himself out a pauper. The merit of the play is that it gives Mr. Crane a chance to play a part for which he is eminently suited. It was only last season that the popular actor was intensely happy in the role of the hen-pecked husband, who, after all, knows when to assert himself.

Second old lady: "We want to get our property, young man—many banks breaking nowadays."

Enter Mrs. Hester who sits down a check before the astonished old ladies.

First old lady: "Look here, give me five new tens in a hurry, no change money, please. Thanks! I have not such a thing as a badrim."

Second old lady: "Well, tell me, don't my back hair come down?" Think I'll have ten ones for two of those. What do you close so early for, anyhow? Ta, ta! Remember me to the president."

A stout lady comes in panting, also a girl with eyeglasses and a woman with a lot of parcels.

Girl with eyeglasses (to the paying teller): "I'll like two seats for the opera—middle aisle—second gallery—no posts in the way, please."

Stout lady: "Mercy sake! Is this a theater? I thought it was the Turkish bath."

Woman with parcels (to Stringer, who is handing out the coffee force of clerks. A girl wheels a hand truck up to the safe.

The President: "Please call off the list of found articles." (The stenographer takes notes.)

The Clerk: "Eighty-seven pocketbooks, contents of which is entered in the two books; forty bank books, a hundred and ten dollars in money, seventeen veils, thirty gloves, twenty umbrellas, ten purses, two belts, four powder puffs, four packages of jewelry, and in handkerchiefs, seven shoe coats, and other small articles, all duly entered in the ledgers."

STORIES OF
PLAYERFOLK.

Written for THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Thomas Jefferson recently played a one-night engagement in a Western town, appearing in his father's part of Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irishman, "recently landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Like all new immigrants, he swept well and took a deep and penetrating interest in everything that concerned the house and its guests.

Promptly at 6 o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent knocking at his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "old" order at the office he was naturally indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and went after breakfast to the clerk.

He demanded of that individual, "Why was I called at this unearthly hour?" "I don't know, sir," answered the clerk, "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned. "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. What business had you to disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the lapel of his coat he quietly took him to one side and said in a mysterious whisper:

When Augustin Dally's drama "Pique" was put on for a two weeks' run some years ago Mr. E. M. Holland played the part of Raymond Levesque, while his friend Bishop was cast for that of Sammy Dimple. Holland, who is a proverbial tease,

led Bishop "Pique" a great deal of fun. He was decorated by the lines, raising the fellow-actor to play continuously in the play. "No, my name is Dimple," in the last act Dimple is caught kissing the chambermaid and Holland says: "Hello, there's young Pimples kissing the girl!"

On the last night of the engagement Holland decided to get even with Bishop for some prank the latter had played on him during the season. He confided his purpose to Mr. Wallace, with whom he shared the dressing-room. He said to him: "I am going to get one on Bishop to-night, so see if I don't. In the last act I am going to call him Dimple instead of Pimples, and he won't know what to say."

Holland had forgotten that there was a ventilator in his room which communicated with that of Bishop. He went on the stage very buoyant, and seeing Bishop kissing the girl said: "Ah, Dimple kissing the girl! Hello, Dimple, Dimple, Dimple!"

Bishop, without the slightest sign of embarrassment, stepped to the front of the footlights, and, facing the audience, said: "I am glad that long-legged thing has got my name right at last. He has been calling me 'Pimples' for the last two weeks."

Great shouts of laughter went up from the audience, which proved that he knew

UNITY to finish his luncheon, hard boiled eggs and peas. "Yes, madam."

Mrs. Scrappem: "And may I ask, sir, why you returned this check?"

Stringer (swallowing a whole egg in his embarrassment): "You must be overdrawn."

Mrs. Scrappem: "How dare you, sir? What do you mean?"

Stringer: "You can't have any money in the bank."

Mrs. Scrappem: "I thought you'd say that. I've brought my checkbook along to show you. There are still fifteen blank checks. So, there?"

Stringer (weakly, while a fitter runs rapidly through the checked departments): "If you will kindly leave your bank, we will have the account balanced and will rectify any mistake."

Mrs. Scrappem: "Leave my bank? What proof would I have to show that you are mistaken? I would like a written apology in the morning, sir." (She calls out, Stringer groans and attacks the pig.)

Enter Miss Giggleton (to man at the first window): "Oh, I beg your pardon, but would you mind my leaving my dog here for a little while?"

Hazle: "Fifteen hundred and eighty, sixteen hundred and six. Are you a depositor?"

Miss Giggleton: "Sir?"

Hazle: "Have you an account here?"

Miss Giggleton: "My father is a member here, if you mean that, I think you might keep the dog."

Hazle: "Well, you'll have to see the president of the bank."

Two Marquis (disrupting): "No, this the chairman's! Haven't you any lady operators?"

Hazle: "Second window."

Enter two intensely respectable old ladies (to Hazle): "Young man, we'd like to be put in the safe deposit bank."

Hazle: "Too late. They close up at 2 sharp."

First old lady: "I told you we'd lose those silver spoons."

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